BACONIANA.

VOL. I.—*New Series.* MAY, 1893. No. 1.

FRANCIS BACON:
FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

[A PAPER WRITTEN FOR THE BACONIAN CONFERENCE, MARCH 13TH, 1893.]

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of our researches into the mysteries connected with Francis Bacon and his followers, with the Rosicrucian Society and its lower developments in the Freemasonry of modern times, we may be quite sure that the full truth will only be reached, and the difficulties unravelled, by the method of history, and the collocation of facts.

Link by link, the long and complex chain connecting important families and individuals, prominent in the time of Bacon, must be followed up; pedigrees must be searched, family records, and unpublished papers ransacked, to glean those scattered ears which should form the complete sheaf. We must not be content with a mere acquaintance with NAMES, but we must thoroughly investigate the circumstances, the character, and the claims to fame or honour possessed by each great "author" or scientist with whom we meet. We must trouble ourselves to learn who were, really and truly, the originators of our great Institutions: scientific, literary, philanthropic, social, religious; what, the true "Renaissance," who, the true Rivalists?

The business (in a case where, apparently, every possible obstacle is cast in our way) must be a long one, and all the more must we ring a bell to call for help. Everyone can do something in the matter, and as the interest of the work increases as we advance, it is heartily to

be recommended to the young and ardent, whose lives, powers, and wills lie before them.

It cannot be too strongly enforced upon the attention of novices in this study, that the times in which Bacon was born and flourished, were "dark and dangerous," and, according to his emphatic and uncontradicted assertion, "*deficient*" in everything which helps to produce that wonderful thing called Literature. The deficiencies which began in a positive lack of words, images of thoughts, extended to every department of knowledge, so that the "plentiful lack of wit," which Hamlet found in the average old man of his time, is easily to be accounted for.

Now, that there was any utter deficiency of *learning tending to advancement*, was a verdict delivered by Bacon, and one which, like his other verdicts, was never appealed against. The matter has been entered into at some length in another place, so precious space need not here be devoted to it. But I am anxious to draw attention to Bacon's great observation, more than once repeated, and likewise unchallenged, even to the present hour, that *in every case where he discovered such deficiencies he endeavoured to supply them.*

In what manner he supplied them, he does not say; he seldom spoke much, or clearly about his own performances, and his suggestive words—"*mihi silentis*" (of myself I am silent)—leave wide scope for the imagination. Probably (so I think) he planned the whole, and did the contemplative, reasoning, and imaginative part of the work; for thought is swift, and his was also sure, being accompanied by an absolutely clear judgment, and the power of readily expressing himself in the most homely, or in the most ornate language. This faculty is repeatedly commented on with admiration, by his contemporaries and coadjutors. "It seemed," says his secretary and chaplain, Dr. Rawley, "as if it had been natural to him to have good forms." "If his style were polite it was because he could do no otherwise."

Yet who acknowledge Francis Bacon as the *one great mind*, to whom modern civilisation owes nearly all that distinguishes it from the coarseness and ignorance of the 15th century? You will find that those who have not studied these things, find it easier to "suppose" Bacon wrong—easier to "suppose" that learning was "in the air," that, somehow, men, the most unlike in character, mind, education,

position in life, should have been able each to copy from the other (assuming that all had access to the same books, and that the same particulars down to minute points of grammar and style attracted all alike), easier to rely upon the names on title-pages, than to suppose that one author, with any amount of mechanical aid, could have devised all that we claim for him.

And with much reason it is sometimes said, that if Bacon had so written, the fact would be known ; yet, adds the Opposition, *it is not known.* This latter statement, I must be allowed to say, is an assumption based upon no solid foundation of proof or evidence. On the contrary it appears—and most clearly when we examine into the histories of paper-making, printing, publishing, and many kindred matters—that these things *are* known, and that to preserve secret, whilst they keep green, the NAME and MEMORY of FRANCIS BACON, is one of the aims of those who guard the secrets of the Rosicrucian-Freemasons, or *Baconians* as they are sometimes termed in Germany.

Probably there are men, who by their rank in literature or science, are informed of the "Baconian Secrets," or of such portions of them as effect their own work in the world. For example, the heads or managers of the University Printing Presses, and of the Queen's Printing Houses, some few of the many librarians at our more important libraries, the heads of the great colleges of medicine and surgery, and of certain other institutions, literary, historical, and scientific, not only in this country but abroad, and pre-eminently in Germany. I should expect to find (and think that I have found) such men to be furnished with the information we seek, and which—were they not prohibited by pledges of secrecy—they would willingly communicate.

It might provoke controversy, were I to detail my own experiences, but I say to those who will follow me in these researches—never relax your efforts, merely because you become conscious of some mysterious dead wall against which you seem continually to be coming up. Persevere, *starting always from ascertained facts, and when baulked, returning to them and starting afresh ;* you will find a way through, or over, or round that wall. And indeed it seems that we may judge pretty accurately of the amount of knowledge in matters Baconian, possessed by any man set in authority, if we appraise the

amount of help which he offers, or the amount of information which he *freely imparts*, in answer to plain and legitimate inquiries.

Speaking from experience, I have found such aid and information to be *in inverse ratio* to the means and sources of accurate knowledge at the disposal of such controlling powers as have been indicated; and since the kindness, courtesy, and ability of our librarians, are universally acknowledged, the sudden collapse of all apparent interest, the utter know-nothingness, the dense expression which passes over the countenances of those from whom the most absolute and precise information would be expected, when we state plainly the objects of our search, can be explained on no reasonable hypothesis but this, that such Baconian subjects of inquiry are matters which, for some cause, the guardians of our great literary and scientific institutions, and the heads of our great printing establishments, *are bound to keep secret.* Bacon was, and still is, "*a concealed man.*"

Hence, although this state of things is rather exasperating, and although it much increases present labour, let us submit, and be thankful for such crumbs of positive knowledge, as by patience and perseverance we are able to gather.

It seems incredible to any ordinary reflective mind that, in an age of darkness, coarseness, and ignorance of the kind which Bacon describes, hosts of graceful, fluent, witty, brilliant, and profoundly learned writers, should suddenly have sprung up in all directions. Not to speak of the continent, where the deficiencies in all respects (excepting art and polemics) fully equalled our own, we must perceive, on closely examining the English literature of the 16th century, that it started *suddenly* into life, ready equipped with an extensive and mixed vocabulary, with "forms and elegancies" of language, with metaphors, similes, parables, allegories, and emblems, with arguments, antitheta—in short, with all the accessories which Bacon declared (and to his dying day repeated the declaration) to be "deficient." *Mihi silentio*, he quietly adds—*of myself I am silent.* Pray note this pregnant saying. These immense deficiencies, indeed, he regretfully considers to be so far beyond the powers or apprehension of his own age, as to convince him that time must be the arbiter—time alone should bring to ripeness the seeds which he was diligently scattering. Bacon said these things in plain words, and no one has dared to

contradict him. "I work," he said, "for posterity; these things requiring ages for their accomplishment."

Now, evidently there is misunderstanding somewhere. Either Bacon was under a tremendous delusion, both as to the existing knowledge, and as to the work in all departments which he was himself silently accomplishing, or else the world is still deluded as to the number and achievements of its great writers and philosophers in the 16th and 17th centuries. Either there truly *were* all the great workers and writers whom Bacon ignores, or else, he should have added a mighty string of names to his "*mihi silentio*" Elsewhere he notes quite casually, and as if the thing were of no particular importance, that he has never found a deficiency which he has not also endeavoured to supply. Think of that, and of all that it may involve.

Now this is a crucial point, and we ought not to shrink from the plain question—"Was Bacon correct in his estimate of the deficiencies of learning in his own age?"—or from this other question, "How many of the so-called great writers of the time of Bacon can be absolutely proved to have written (in the sense of composing or inventing) the works attributed to them?"

"*Absolutely proved*"—that would at least imply that such works should in some sort have been indubitably claimed to have been written by the reputed author. It would further assume that some evidence could be forthcoming as to how, when, and where, the said author wrote, or that there should be documentary evidence of his transactions with publishers, &c. For that a NAME should be printed on a title-page, or signed to a preface or dedicatory letter, proves nothing. We must see some fragments, if no more, of *some* work penned by the author, provably not mere fair copies of someone else's treatise, poem, or whatever it may be.

For my own part I confess to very faint belief in more than *one great writer or moving spirit* of that age. Upon the foundations laid by Bacon—foundations as wide as the "universalities of nature" themselves—modern science is even now working. As for the actual writing, it seems probable that, *with his own hand*, he penned comparatively little; but that, sitting in his "elbow-chair," with upturned

face supported upon his left hand,* he dictated or discoursed to amanuenses (in some cases shorthand writers), pouring out his thoughts in lucid words, and with scarcely a hesitation. For, says his secretary, Dr. William Rawley, "Those abilities which commonly go single in other men, though of prime and observable parts, were all conjoined, and met in him. Those are, *sharpness of wit, memory, judgment, and elocution.* For the first three, his books do abundantly speak them; which with what *sufficiency* he wrote, let the world judge, but with what *celerity* he wrote them, *I* can best testify."

Rawley goes on to express his conviction with regard to Francis Bacon that, "if there were a beam of knowledge from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him. For though he was a great reader of books, yet he had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself." And the faithful secretary also bears witness to the beauty of Bacon's conversation. "His meals were refections of the ear as well as of the stomach. . . . *Some professed to make use of their note-books* when they rose from his table"; he had the faculty of "dressing and amending the speech of other authors," whilst he retained the substance, "as if it had been natural to him to use good forms."

With so full a mind, such facility of expression, conceive the amount of work which could be speedily accomplished by the aid of two or three skilful shorthand writers; and stenography is one of the arts or minor sciences connected with grammar which Bacon places among the *deficients*, and which, therefore, by his own showing, he had set himself to supply.

But before attempting to trace the unacknowledged works which Bacon wrote, let us try to discover who were his associates in the vast enterprise in which he was embarked. And when we seriously investigate the matter, we are gradually drawn to the conclusion that there was hardly a man of mark in any department—literary, scientific, social, or philanthropic—who was *not* more or less directly and associated for business purposes with Francis Bacon, and, as it seems,

* See the monumental statue of Bacon, at St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, and the motto inscribed upon the base, *Sic sedebat.* In Gambold's edition of Bacon's Works, 1765, this monument is three times engraved, each time with a different expression on the face, and with other variations.

drawn by the force of his adamantine powers, to contribute brains, money, or the influence of position, to help in his vast but secret work.

Let us glance at a few of our oldest scientific and literary institutions, libraries, museums, and other organisations, and try to trace their origin, and the men who helped to raise and establish them. Strange that any effort should be needful in such a case! Surely, we think, the most ordinary books of reference which include particulars of such institutions—say, of the Royal Society, or the Society of Antiquaries—would give us plain and satisfactory statements.

But let anyone endeavour, by the ordinary means at his disposal, to ascertain the origin of the Royal Society. He will read in the earliest books published on the subject—Dr. Sprat's, for instance, or Dr. Wallis's—that it was "founded," or "incorporated," or that it was "presented with a charter," by Charles the Second, in 1645. But further research will convince him that it was flourishing long before that reign; and when he presses matters home, he will be met with the assurance that nothing certain is to be known about it, and that "the origin of this society is veiled in obscurity." Well may he exclaim, *Why veiled?* Why any obscurity in the matter? For surely if it be worth while to raise the question, "Why should Bacon have concealed his authorship of the Shakespeare plays?"—still more may we wonder why any mystery should be made or tolerated concerning the origin of the Royal Society, nursing mother of all subsequent scientific institutions.

Every Londoner knows the fine group of buildings in Piccadilly which take their name from Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, and which were erected upon the site of his mansion. Under the roofs of "Burlington House" are grouped the head-quarters of most of our learned societies—the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnean, Geological, Astronomical, and Chemical Societies—all, of course, offshoots from the great parent, the Royal Society. They include or summarise most of the departments of natural science which Bacon wished to see thoroughly established, but, of course, fresh buildings have elsewhere been required in order to carry on the enormously increasing business and research connected with every branch of natural philosophy. To the associations for such purposes

are added the more modern academy for the encouragement of art in Great Britain.

Suppose that we enter the doors of the Royal Society, and mount the staircase, where in a chilly corner the bust of Charles II., placed on a pedestal, gazes upon us stonily as we pass. Through an ante-room with full-length portraits of men of the 17th century, we pass to the library, said to be capable of containing 35,000 volumes, and considered one of the most perfect scientific libraries in the world.

In this library *there is but one picture.* It is placed over the fireplace at the end of the room, and it represents Francis Bacon. This portrait is indeed a copy, kit-cat, of the one by Van Somers which hangs over the mantel-piece in the dining-room at Gorhambury.

"Why," we inquire, "is the portrait of Bacon hung in this library, said to date from 20 or 30 years after his death?" "He was a very great man," is the reply. "Yes, but there were many others accounted very great in his time—your reception-room is full of them. Did Bacon found this society?" "That I cannot tell you."

And so we ask for the best and most authentic early history of the Royal Society which the library can furnish, and are met on the first page by these words:—"The origin of this society is veiled in obscurity." We smile, and looking up at Bacon, observantly inspecting us, we fancy that he smiles too.

Clearly nobody is hungering to assist our researches, and we presently fall back upon a curious little book, which first incited these inquiries. The book is entitled *Acetaria*, and it throws a clear though shaded light upon this subject.

"Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets" (or Salads), is not a title which would lead one to expect any elucidation of this riddle, "Who founded the Royal Society?" But we soon perceive that this book is one of the many ambiguous publications—"double-meaning propheciers"—which abounded under the auspices of Francis Bacon. Whilst discoursing, as it seems to do (and we may add, *really does*), of "the composition of edule plants and roots of several kinds, to be eaten raw or green, blanched or candied, simple and *per se*, or intermingled with others according to the season, the boil'd, bak'd, pickl'd, or otherwise disguised, variously accommodated by the skilful cooks to render them grateful to the more feminine palat," we should be

dull indeed did we not also perceive that the writer (whoever he may have been) was "insinuating" ideas of methods for cultivating the common herbs or products of the mind, so "cooking," "disguising," and flavouring them as to make them wholesome and acceptable to the common taste.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the use of the metaphor, but all know Hamlet's description of the play, which, as he remembered, "*pleased not the million*" . . . "*'Twas caviare to the general. . . .* I remember one said *there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury.*"

Well, Evelyn,* who was amongst the first members of the *Chartered* Royal Society, and presently its secretary, "a valuable pioneer" in its service (so he used to say)—John Evelyn is about to publish, on his own behalf (or for some one else), instructions as to how to make dry matters worth knowing, savoury "to the general," and this is how he begins his rather lengthy dedication "to the Right Honourable John Somers of Evesham, Lord High Chancellor of England, and President of the Royal Society":—

"My Lord,—The idea and plan of the Royal Society was first conceived and delineated by a *great and learned chancellor*, which high office your lordship deservedly bears. . . . A *chancellor* and a very learned lord, was the *first* who honoured the *chair*, and a no less honourable and learned chancellor resigns it to your lordship."

He goes on to state the objects of the society, "the establishing and promoting of *real knowledge*, and (next to what is divine) truly so-called, as far, at least, as human nature extends towards the knowledge of nature by enlarging her empire beyond the land of *spectres, forms, intentional species, vacuum, occult qualities, and other inadequate notions.*" But here we find ourselves so entirely quoting Bacon, that we break off.

Presently the writer declares that "the *Royal Society*, in order to

* Evelyn's chief work, "Sylvia; or, a Discourse of Forest-Trees," is of the same nature as *Acetaria*—ambiguous. It sets forth in metaphorical language the means by which the "timber" (solid knowledge) of the gardens or forests of England may be raised, cherished, grafted, watered, transplanted, and so forth. It mixes throughout gardening with shipbuilding, and husbandry with architecture.

accomplish entire freedom, and to subsist with honour, needs an establishment in a more settl'd, *appropriate*, and commodious place; having hitherto (like the tabernacle in the wilderness) been only *ambulatory* for almost *forty years*." This takes the Royal Society back nearly to the reign of Elizabeth. "But *Solomon* built the first *temple*, and what forbids us to hope that as *great a prince* may build *Solomon's house*, as that *great chancellor* (one of your lordship's learned *predecessors*) had design'd the plan,* there being nothing in that *august* and *noble model impossible*, or beyond the *power* of *nature* and learned industry."

"Thus, whilst King Solomon's temple was consecrated to the God of Nature, and his true worship, *this* may be *dedicated*, and set apart for the *works* of nature, deliver'd from those illusions and impostors that are still endeavouring to cloud and depress the true and *substantial philosophy*: a *shallow* and *superficial insight* wherein (as that incomparable person rightly observes), having made so many atheists: whilst a profound and thorough penetration into her recesses (which is the *business* of the *Royal Society*) would lead men to the knowledge and *admiration* of the *glorious author*."

The writer then apologises for ushering in a trifle, with so much magnificence, "ending at last in a fine receipt for the dressing of a *sallet* with an handful of pot herbs!" Yet even this, he says, challenges a part of natural history, and Solomon, "who wrote of the cedar of Libanus, wrote also of the hyssop which grows on the wall." And so on and on, plainly displaying Francis Bacon as the originator of the idea and plan of the Royal Society, the designer of that noble model, the "*Incomparable Person*," who would rebuild Solomon's house, according to the sketch given in "*The Atlantis of Verulam*."

Never need we have a moment's doubt upon these points—that Francis Bacon framed this great Solomon's house, upon the plan set forth in the *New Atlantis*, and that the aim of it was to be the study of natural philosophy in all its branches, from the most elementary to the most complex. And we fall back upon Bacon's oft-repeated form of question, *What is the cause? What reason* can possibly exist for the veiling or concealment of these simple facts?

Surely none, but that these things form parts of a great whole,

* "Verulamii Atlantis."

—links in a long chain, or net-work of chains, which, wherever we take them up, and faithfully follow them to the end, lead, invariably, to Francis Bacon. Trace out the histories of the first members or fellows of this or any other great society of his day, you will find them to be Bacon's fellows, *his* friends, *his* collaborators, *his* sons of science, or they are the friends and relations of friends whom we find counted amongst his intimates, men whom his various biographies and letters, and the voluminous correspondence of his brother Anthony Bacon, show to have been working for and with the brothers.

This matter of the connection between Francis Bacon and the Royal Society is of importance in more ways than one. Not only does it bear witness to his great influence, but also, if you mark it well, to the secret nature of that influence. It bears witness also to his method, and to his great power of devising and organizing means to carry out his objects.

"In him," says his great biographer, Mr. Spedding, "the gift of seeing in prophetic vision what might be, and what ought to be, was united with the practical talent of devising means and handling minute details. He could at once *imagine like a poet*, and execute like a clerk of the works."

This question of Francis Bacon as the true founder of the Royal Society, also forces us to realize the fact of *his resolute self-effacement*, his resolution to be the concealed man that he was—nay, more, to be thoroughly misunderstood and shamefully misrepresented as he has been, if only by this means he might be useful to humanity.

And how could his self-effacement be of use in this respect? Well, I think that it enabled him to put forward men of mediocre learning and abilities (furnishing them with all the stuff cut out and fitted ready to hand), and to enable them, in times generally ill-informed, to carry on, with an appearance of learning and originality, the work which he had prepared. The rules of his society enabled them to do this in safety.

All secrecy and mystery, I feel sure, he meant to have come to an end at the expiration of one hundred years. His cabinet and presses full of unpublished MSS. were by that time to have been edited and fathered by his many sons of science, or their appointed successors;

but the Fates intervened to prevent this part of the plan from being carried out, and the secrecy continues until this day. Yet Francis Bacon truly "laid great bases for *posterity*" (not for his own advantage). When his Scientific Society at length reared up its head, *it was post-dated*, *Posthumous*, and remained NAMELESS until Evelyn happily flattered Charles II. by the appellation of the Royal Society.

Dr. Wallis, one of the earliest members, says that the society *originated* in 1645, and points to Dr. Wilkins as the moving spirit. But Dr. Wallis must have known better, for before the incorporation of the society, Boyle had spoken of it in several different letters as the "*Invisible College*," just as the Rosicrucians called themselves "*the Invisible Brotherhood* (they were in those days, I think, all one), and in 1647 Boyle, writing to Hartlib, alludes to this Invisible College in a way which leaves no doubt that he was speaking of that small body of earnest and high-minded men who sought by a diligent examination of natural science (then called the *New Philosophy*), "Bacon's New Birth of Time," "The Second Renaissance," to pass on the lamp of tradition handed to them by their great founder.

And so with the Society of Antiquaries. Although in one place we read that its origin is an impenetrable secret, yet, almost in the same breath, the historian adds that the Antiquaries College petitioned for and obtained a charter of incorporation from Queen Elizabeth. In D'Israeli's amusing but often erudite "Curiosities of Literature," we see that the author is perfectly well aware of these facts, although he so scatters minute pearls of knowledge over his six volumes that we have much ado to collect and string them together. "Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired into, it might," he says, "be justly dated a century before its existence; the real founder was Lord Bacon who planned the ideal institution in his philosophical romance of the 'New Atlantis.' This notion," he continues, "is not fanciful, and it was that of its great founder, as . . . . appears by the expression of old Aubrey when, alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *Secundem Mentem Domini Baconi.*" *

* A recent writer, Weld, though he quotes from Evelyn, and considers him to be an excellent authority, avoids introducing Evelyn's statement that Bacon was the founder.

D'Israeli elsewhere shows incidentally the connection between this grand institution and Bacon's friends and patrons the noble families of Arundel and Howard; and further repeats Aubrey's statement that, "when, under Elizabeth, a happier era opened to our literary pursuits, several *students of the Inns of Court*, illustrious for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society which they called the 'Antiquaries College.' From very 'opposite quarters,'" says D'Israeli, "we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse; it is delightful to discover Rawleigh borrowing MSS. from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh."

Note, that here again are *three of Francis Bacon's personal friends*, including Selden, one of his executors and trustee for the "cabinet and presses" full of unpublished papers which he desired should be published in course of time, and according to the discretion of his friends and "sons of science."

The death of Queen Elizabeth checked the projects of the Antiquaries' Society. For twenty years it languished; then Camden (*whose "Annals" Bacon annotated*), Sir Henry Spelman, the historian, * and others, are found proposing to renovate the society. By this time a much older institution—the Herald's College—seems to have become affiliated to the antiquaries, these, with the Camden and Arundel Societies, forming the central point whence have diverged all later societies for historical research, such as Bacon so ardently desired to methodise and establish upon a sound footing.

The elaborate analysis of the divisions of learning made by Bacon in his second book of the *De Augmentis* shows us how all human learning is divided, according to the three faculties of the rational soul, into history (*memory*), poesy (*imagination*), and philosophy (*reason*). "Now history," he says, "is either *natural* or *civil*. Natural history treats of the deeds and works of nature; civil history of those of men." Ecclesiastical and literary history he couples with

* Born 1561, the same year as Francis Bacon. The name, Spelman, bears a suspicious resemblance to Spielman, the name of the "German" said to have established the first paper mill at Dartford in 1588, and who was in consequence knighted by Queen Elizabeth. It is worthy of inquiry whether Sir Henry Spelman was not son of Sir John Spielman?

civil. Pointing out the deficiencies which he finds, and which consequently we must understand him to have endeavoured to supply, we find them to include "memorials, commentaries, registers, antiquities, genealogies, annals, titles, monuments, coins, proper names and styles, etymologies of words, proverbs, traditions, archives and instruments, as well public as private, fragments of histories scattered about in books not historical."

These things, he says, the remnants of histories, may be with persevering and scrupulous diligence recovered, like the spars of a shipwreck, from the deluge of time. He marvels that the *lives* of great men should be so little commemorated, and adds that, of *narrations* and *relations* a greater diligence therein is also much to be wished. *Journals*, too, *ecclesiastical chronicles*, histories of prophecy, of Divine Providence, or of God's will, with counsels and books of exhortation and consolation, have all to be written, as well as the appendices to history which deal with the *words* of men, orations, letters, and apopthegms. "And so much concerning history, which is that part of learning which answers to one of the cells, domiciles, or offices of the mind of man, which is that of the memory."

But "such a complete and universal history of learning is," he also says, "*yet wanting*." Again, then, we may be sure that he endeavoured to supply the immense deficiency, and scores of books bear witness to his efforts in this direction. His literary collaborators, and "able pens," doubtless helped materially in the compilation, transcription, and publication of these contributions to the sterling literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But almost everywhere we see the touch of his hand and the *method* by which he guided his disciples and sons of science. And when we try to follow his arguments, and to trace his proposed method for the construction of universal history, it seems as if the great societies of which I have been speaking, and the myriad branches which sprang from them, represent the two great divisions of knowledge into History *natural* and History *civil*, and that the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and their affiliated institutions, are neither more nor less than outward and visible signs of the working of the Master Spirit—Francis Bacon.

THE PORTRAITS OF FRANCIS BACON AND OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

[A Paper Written for the Baconian Conference, March 13th, 1893.]

"Look on this picture and on that—
The counterfeit presentment of two"—*Authors.*

YOU will all, I trust, have inspected the various portraits of Francis Bacon, which have been distributed through the room this evening. Much depends upon a thorough recognition of the lineaments and peculiarities of that remarkable countenance. I am daily surprised and sorry to perceive how very few persons in this country can recognise Francis Bacon unless seen attired in his Chancellor's robes. To the majority he is still the fallen Chancellor, and nothing more.

May I beg you to follow me whilst I enumerate the chief characteristics perceptible alike in the prints (especially in those by Crispin and Simon de Pass), in the photographs, medals, and model of the monumental statue now before you.

(1.) An unusually high and capacious brow, often concealed by a hat, but seen in the celebrated Van Somers' painting at Gorhambury, of which (as I had occasion to mention just now) an excellent copy hangs over the mantel-piece in the Library of the Royal Society.

(2.) An aquiline nose, with bridge rather broad at the base, but chiselled to a fine ridge, and delicately shaped.

(3.) The eyes, deep-set beneath their frontal arches. Poor engravings fail to show this characteristic. In some cases the eyes even appear prominent, but this is an error.

(4.) In all the pictures which I have seen, and in three of the medals before you, the face is taken ¾. The medal struck at the 200th anniversary of Bacon's death, shows a fine profile, corresponding with that of the monumental statue, with the standing figure in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and with the robed and aged statue on Burlington House. The later sculptors, therefore, accepted that profile as correct.

(5.) The eyes are remarkable in one particular, which is compara-

tively rare—namely, in the *long eye-lids*, which show the outline of the eyeball even when the eyes are open.

(6.) The small, firm mouth has the curved line known amongst artists as the Cupid's bow. Hepworth Dixon designated it "a jester's mouth," with the small pouting under-lip, and often a slight curl at the corners, which, with *the side-long glance* (almost invariable in these portraits), makes one fancy that he will break into a smile.

Dr. Georg Cantor, of Halle ad Saale, drew my attention, some years ago, to three full-page engravings of Bacon in Gambold's Standard Edition of the works, published 1765. These three engravings are all in Vol. II. Unfortunately I can only show you two of them. But, *in all*, Bacon is seated as in the monumental statue. Now a careless observer might suppose that these three portraits were identical. But pray look, if you can, at Gambold's 1765 edition of Bacon's works, Vol. II., and see whether it be not true that the three pictures (intended to catch the eye as repetitions of the same drawing) *are all different?* Not only the shadows fall in opposite directions, and other small details are altered, showing that the blocks were not the same, but—and this is the important point—*the expression of the face is different in each picture.*

In one we see Francis Bacon as the Contemplative Philosopher, looking upwards, as if in thought. In another, he is the Laughing Philosopher, and smiles at you with bright eyes. In the third, he is *Blind*, so Dr. Georg Cantor drew me to observe; blind as the ancients represented their great poets, or inspired seers or prophets; blind like Homer, and the Laocoon, and Milton. This is worth thinking about.

(7.) The outline of the face tapers in lines which any artist must admire, from the broad brows to the firm, pointed chin.

(8.) The hair grows high, and backward on the forehead. In childhood close-clipped, it was allowed to grow longer, and at the age of 19 or 20 a curl appears on the top of his head. In manhood the hair was combed back (the curl being still traceable), and fell softly curling on his ruff.

(9.) After his 30th year or thereabouts he grew a moustache, *turning downwards* and mingling with a soft beard, which, like his hair inclined to curl.

(10.) Strongly marked facial lines were developed later in life; care and labour ploughed them there. At one time he was evidently very thin, and I often think that Clarence's description of Henry IV. applied to the poet himself:—

> "The incessant care and labour of his mind
> Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
> *So thin*, that life looks through, and will break out."
> (2 *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 118.)

Now, to make a long story short, I will tell you that the same German Professor (Dr. Georg Cantor) who told me of Gambold's engravings, also advised me to go to the Garrick Club, and to examine the so-called "Duke of Devonshire's Bust of *Shakespeare*." I accordingly did so, and there—of course in a niche, and in a bad light—I beheld the bust, which to my mind, and eyes, is an absolute and beautiful portrait of Francis Bacon. I hoped to be able to show you photographs directly from this bust, which certainly has been copied; for there is a small and rather hard engraving of it in the book of Shakespeare Portraits published by Mr. Parker Norris at Philadelphia in 1885. (The book is on this easel.) The Committee of the Club, however, would not allow me to have the bust photographed; therefore, since the Duke of Devonshire had two *fac-similes* made from it, one of which he presented to Sir Joseph Paxton for the Crystal Palace, I have caused this *fac-simile* to be photographed from three points of view; and I have also had the engraving enlarged, so that you may form an excellent idea of the bust, although I trust that all who can go to see either of the busts will do so.

The history of the bust, so far as I know (but I do not know enough), is this. Three theatres were successively built and destroyed on the same site in Lincoln's Inn. The first, named after the king's brother (Duke of York), was "The Duke's Theatre," finished $166\frac{9}{1}$. *Note*, 100 years from Francis Bacon's birth. In was burnt down in 1666. Congreve's Theatre followed in 1675, re-built by Christopher Rich in 1714. Forty years later the theatre was converted into barracks, which passed into the hands of Messrs. Spode and Copeland, the china manufacturers. Finally the building was pulled down about 45 years ago, for the purpose of enlarging its neighbour, the College of Surgeons.

At this time, *so it is said*, Mr. Clift, F.R.S., Curator of the College of Surgeons (and thence, I doubt not, *a Freemason*) found the bust UNDER *one of the stage doors* (surely a strange position?), Ben Jonson being on the other. "Ben Jonson" (whom I suspect to be Anthony Bacon) *is said* to have been destroyed; but at the death of Mr. Clift, his son-in-law, Professor Owen, sold "Shakespeare" to the Duke of Devonshire, at whose death the bust was presented to the Garrick Club.

Distinguished surgeons and physicians, like distinguished architects and actors, seem almost always to be Freemasons. Therefore, you see, these transfers from the theatre to the Curator of the College of Surgeons, from him to Professor Owen, from the Professor to the Duke of Devonshire, and from the Duke to the Garrick Club, were as natural as they were easy to arrange.

At that Club, and, as I have said, in a dark niche facing North, and at the back of the parti-wall which divides the front hall from the staircase is this bust. With great kindness, the Secretary to the Club had it removed from its pedestal, and placed in a good light, so that I could examine it from all sides. Surely here is Francis Bacon himself! precisely as in the best portraits of Van Somers and Crispin de Pass. From these, as I think, all subsequent artists and engravers seem to have copied; or else (for purposes hereafter to be explained) they altered, modified, caricatured them, in dozens of ways. Sometimes we see Bacon with face sharp as a weasel, with nose too short or too long, straight or much hooked. Some artists make his eyes project, others screw them up, or embed them in fat. One portrait in the British Museum shows him squinting frightfully outwards. Yet all these are acknowledged portraits of the same man—Francis Bacon—our "Concealed Man," as well as "Concealed Poet." To conceal him the more, he is usually portrayed wearing a hat, so that the brow, and the growth of the hair, are not observable. When, however, he is truly represented, you see what next they do—they put him in a dark corner!

Now I ask you to consider how it can be possible for hundreds of educated men, passing up and down that staircase (at night especially, when the niche receives light from the lamps), how it can be possible for these gentlemen to glance at the bust, and not to see that it is by

no means like the authentic portraits of "Shakespere," whilst it absolutely resembles the authentic portraits of Francis Bacon? But first of that word *authentic*.

Surely we must regard as authentic likenesses the busts or statues placed on men's tombs to honour their memory? If these accord with portraits painted from the life, then both bust or statue *and* portrait may be so regarded—as authentic.

Here is an excellent reduced model of Bacon's monumental statue, executed for me some years ago by Mr. Stark. We may consider that to be an authentic portrait taken late in life. Here, too, are medals in profile and in ¾ face. They resemble the monument and the Van Somers' oil-painting, which we must acknowledge are authentic. We see in these, whether viewed in profile or in ¾, the same countenance and the same features as in the Garrick bust.

Next I must speak of the "rejected mask," of which most of you know—that "Darmstadt" or Kesselstadt mask, which in 1860 was offered to the trustees of the British Museum as the death mask of *Shakespeare*, but which, you will remember, was refused by them, because it in no way resembles the received, authentic portraits of the Stratford hero. I fully agree with the authorities. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when, on writing to the Secretary of the "Shakespeare House," with a request that he would send me some photographs of "the Shakespeare Mask," he sent me these which I hold in my hand—photographs in three views, of the "rejected" Kesselstadt mask, and which are marked with the stamp of Van de Weyde, 52, Regent-street! The photographs for which I asked were photographs of *the mask which, five years ago*, hung in the Shakespeare House, and of which one of the earliest casts is before you. It was given to me by my uncle the architect, Decimus Burton, and, although the eyes are open, it used to be called the Death-mask, because, as I was told, it was supposed to have been taken from the face of the dead William Shakspere, in order that from it the monumental bust should be made. This may not be a true history of the mask, but so we were told.

Well, instead of the authentic monumental mask, they sent me these views of the rejected Kesselstadt cast.

I ask you to compare these photographs and engravings, with the

statue, the medals, and the many engravings of Francis Bacon. Do you, or do you not, think that this Kesselstadt mark agrees in almost all points with the various portraits of Francis Bacon in those same points of view and at about the same age?

The same German professor, Dr. Georg Cantor, who advised me to inspect the Garrick bust *suggests*, though I do not say that he *asserts*, several interesting points connected with this mask, and particularly that this mask does not seem to be from the *dead*, but from the *living subject*. There are none of *the drawn lines about the eyes and mouth* which are recognized as symptomatic of death: *the lines of Hippocrates*, as they are named from their first observer. If you look at these photographs, it may appear to you, as to me, that the man seems almost to smile, and to try to open his eyes.

Parker Norris says that the mask is yellow with grease, which suggests that casts were made from it; and taking all together, does it not seem possible or probable that the mask may have been taken from Bacon's living face, and that the Garrick bust may have been modelled from it?

How old do you think it looks? Some say 50, some 60. Let us strike a medium and say 55 or 56. We must remember that the poor mask has evidently been rubbed and somewhat battered. Bacon is also always described as looking old for his age. Let us suppose then that he was 55 when his mask was taken. In what year would that be? He was born in 1561, so 55 years would bring him to the year 1616. In 1616 William Shakspere died. Is it an improbable supposition that, when this event happened, Francis Bacon's friends may have said, "The great poet is dead; we must take his mask," and thereupon that *they took Bacon's?*

I commit no one to this opinion. If it be an incorrect or foolish one, you may blame me who hold it; but if it prove to be true, you may thank those who have kindly encouraged me to pursue the investigation. To return. Here *on the one hand* (setting aside youthful portraits) are the authentic portraits of Francis Bacon. 1. An oil-painting showing him in middle life. 2. His monumental statue. 3. A mask which from its likeness to his best portraits we believe to be his, though we may not yet claim it as authentic.

On the other hand we have of William Shakspere (1) the Stratford

oil-painting claimed by *Shakespereans* as authentic, and at the present hour enshrined in a fireproof safe in the Stratford cottage; (2) the monumental effigy, ugly enough, but evidently made with care and cost, and for many years compared with satisfaction, with the so-called death-marks, and with the painting.

It is evident from what I have told you that Shakesperean authorities are trying to supplant that mask by the Kesselstadt mask which has no resemblance to it. But we Baconians may well adhere to the 280 years' belief that it represents the veritable "Shaxpurre." I must say that I do not believe that any loving hand carved or set up that monument. The inscription bears witness that those who made it did not know where Shakspere was buried. It informs us that he lies *within the monument* which is against the wall; whereas in truth he lies several feet away towards the chancel where he is very deeply buried, for he dreaded lest, according to a wretched system, not infrequent in those times, his bones might be disturbed and thrown into a charnel house, to make room for others.

Judging from the oil-painting, and the monument, this is a fair description of William Shakspere:

(1) A high, bald forehead; (2) very short nose, rather thick and nearly straight; (3) a disproportionately long and thick upper lip; (4) a wide, flat face; (5) a large under jaw; (6) moustache midway between the nose and edge of lip, and curling tightly upwards; (7) hair ending above the ears; (8) eyes projecting; (9) the eyes apparently not quite straight; (10) a depression under the right eye.

When we visited Stratford-on-Avon, five years ago, we were fortunate enough to do so under the guidance of the President of the Birmingham Shakespeare Society and of the Vicar, who, deeply interested as he is in the place and its traditions, yet, being in possession of registers and other records, has much qualifying moisture with which to quench the fire of Shakesperean enthusiasm.

Said our chief conductor, "Now you are to see one of our great treasures—an undoubted portrait of William Shakespeare. It came from the house of his eldest daughter, Susanna, who married in 1607 Dr. John Hall, the medical practitioner of the town."

Three thousand pounds, we were told, had been paid for the picture. "Yes, and we should have had to pay a much higher price

had it been certain that this was the portrait of the poet; but that was not ascertained until, under the hands of the cleaner, the disguising beard was removed, revealing the clean-shaven face of the actor." "A beard painted over the portrait!" I exclaimed. "Why?" "Well, you see, Susanna had married much above her station; for, although in those days doctors held no position in society, yet they were far above actors, and in Puritan times when the stage was in such a state of degradation, no respectable married woman would wish to have a portrait of her father, *as an actor*, hanging up in her house." "Of course not," I replied; "even regarded as of a playwright the portrait would have been equally objectionable, for the writers of plays sometimes ranked lower than the actors or the fiddlers" (I remember having seen in some old account book that the *writer* of the play received 3s. 6d., but that one of the fiddlers was paid 30s. for the month). "And yet, although it would have been so disreputable for the doctor's wife to have in her house an undisguised portrait of her father, the actor, you Shakesperean gentlemen see no reason why Francis Bacon should have concealed the authorship of the plays?"

Our guide laughed good-humouredly, and said that he ought to have remembered to whom he was speaking. Now I observe that Mr. Parker Norris, in his fine book of Shakespeare portraits, *has* remembered to whom he is speaking—to all the world, and *in print*. Therefore, although he truthfully says, that, in the house of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, there was found a dilapidated portrait "representing a man with a large black beard and moustache, . . . the beard so arranged as nearly to cover the face and utterly to disfigure the picture," he makes no comment upon this strange circumstance, he expresses no surprise, neither does he seem to think that any explanation is required.

Presently he says that when Mr. Collins, the well-known restorer of pictures, had cleaned a portion of the face, he tried a part of the breast of the figure, and found beneath the dirt a black and red costume, similar to that of Shakespeare, in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church. During this cleaning the then Vicar (Mr. Grenville), the owner of the picture (Mr. Hunt) and other residents of the town were present.

Then follows an account of Mr. Collins' advertisement and exhibition in his studio of this Shakespeare portrait, but no further allusion is made to *the beard.* The story of it is, I think, intended to be lost in oblivion. "The least said, soonest mended."

However, and this is to our point, the portrait is said on all hands to bear a remarkable resemblance to the monumental bust, according to the description given of it before it was painted white at the request of Mr. Malone in 1793. Again, we may pause to wonder, *Why painted white?* Why did Mr. Malone interfere still farther to confuse our ideas as to our immortal bard's personal appearance? Did it disappoint him?

Before this painting white, the description of the bust ran thus: "Eyes of a light hazel; hair and beard auburn; the dress, a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves." Precisely the dress in the oil-painting, and these two—the bust and the painting—are the only portraits yet discovered which thus represent "Shakespeare." Whether the colouring of the dress were, in the bust, copied from the painting, or in the painting copied from the bust, is of no importance to the present argument, which is this: However much an ordinary portrait or engraving may be tampered with, one may be sure that in a picture intended to be hung in the house of a man's daughter, the likeness, even though it might be inartistic, would not be caricatured or made more common or uglier than the original. On the contrary, it would be likely to be somewhat softened, flattened, and coaxed into an appearance of intelligence and gentility. Do you not think so? The Shakespere painting is not a daub; it is of quite average goodness, and this is what it shows us: A broad, fleshy face, with bold, rather projecting eyes, a florid complexion, a short nose, and thick upper lip; the head bald in front, with hair cut short and curling above the ears; a moustache curling tightly upwards; altogether a common-place, unintellectual countenance, but better looking, less stolid, than "the goggle eyes and gaping mouth" of the bust, as described by Dr. Ingleby.

Let me mention, by the way, that in the monument the immortal bard is represented as writing his heaven-born poesy, and this is how he does it: He stares straight forward, a long cushion is before him; upon it rests his right hand holding a pen; at the present time this is

I believe, a real goose-quill dipped in ink because, so goes the story, a young man, having pulled out the original stone pen, let it fall, and it was broken on the stones beneath. However this may have been, the two photographs and the print before you all differ in respect of this pen. In one it is a pen *uncut*, in the second a pen cut short off, in the third the pen is all feather, which ends within the closed hand. If Shaksper could write (which I doubt) he could not so much as sign his name with such a pen as that.

But where is the paper? It is under the open spread left hand, quite away from the pen, and *it is a blank sheet.* No ink-horn is visible; it is needless, for no ink is required to write nothing.

Whatever may be right or wrong about these portraits, I think you will agree with me that no artist were he nothing more than a "tomb-maker" would represent his subject with a broad, fat face, if he had thin or hollow cheeks and a tapering chin.

Neither would he bestow upon him a moustache *curling lightly upwards* and a thick tuft on his chin, if he wore in the last years of his life a soft beard curling loosely all over and below his chin, and a moustache *turning decidedly downwards.*

Now, "Look on this picture and on that, the counterfeit presentment of two" authors, so we are told. (*Here life-sized drawings were shown of F. B. and W. S.*)

These are no exaggerations; they are true portraits enlarged to measure, and I ask all present to bring upon them their observation and knowledge. Compare these drawings with the monumental portraits and the oil-painted portraits, and then decide which of the two this Garrick bust and this Kesselstadt mask most resembles. I have asked how it can be that actors and educated men, members of the Garrick Club, can fail to observe certain points about the Devonshire bust? They are these: *First*, that it has a beard such as actors do not wear, such as the actor in question *never wore. Secondly*, that the moustache curls *downwards*, mingling with a (curtailed) beard.

* I have no desire to make much of these little particulars, but nothing is thought too small to be noted with interest in connection with William Shakspere, and at a future time we may show that variations in nearly ever detail of the accessories to the monumental effigy have been made in the prints of it, and made, as I think, not by accident, but with a purpose.—C. M. P.

Thirdly, that *the lace collar is of the time of Charles I.*, and such as the supposed wearer, who died in 1616, could not have worn.

To myself, I explain the apparent dullness of the members of that club in a manner which exonerates them from the charges of ignorance or stupidity. *They are nearly all Freemasons*, and the *secret* which (consciously or unconsciously) they have to guard is this, that Francis Bacon—"our Francis," as the Rosicrucians sometimes call him—was not only the "concealed poet," but the concealed centre of the great movement for the revival of unity in religion and for the advancement of learning, which we call The Second Renaissance.

This secret, intimately bound up as it is with the history of literature, of printing, of paper-making, and many other matters, is (so I believe) *the cause*, which at every stage of inquiry meets and impedes us the non-Freemason Baconians.

Will you kindly turn your eyes to this drawing—an enlarged, life-sized copy of the so-called "Martin Droeshout's portrait of Shakespeare," affixed to the 1623 folio of the plays, and there surmounting the verses attributed to Ben Jonson. These are the verses, addressed "*To the Reader.*"

> "This figure that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherewith the graver had a strife
> With Nature to outdo the life.
> O could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass as he has hit
> His face: the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.
> But since he cannot, reader, look
> Not on his picture, but his book."

I beg to draw your attention to three points in these lines:—

First, the engraver had *striven with nature to outdo the portrait* of Shakespeare. It is therefore *not a true or natural portrait*, but something exaggerated and unnatural.

Next, of "brass"; that was Bacon's symbol for impudence. In the *Promus* he enters this note—"Brazed (impudent)." There is no doubt, then, as to the meaning which he will set upon this composite metal (brass), which apes the virtues of true gold and falls short of

the fairness of pure silver. It is an impudent and pretentious metal, and so Bacon uses it in the *Advancement of Learning*, when he speaks of a man who would

"*Brazen out* his own defects."

You will remember how the same expression is used in the plays:—

"Can any *face of brass* hold longer out?" (*L.l.l.* V. ii. 395).
"Well said, Brazen-face." (*Merry Wives*).

"Let me wring your heart," says Hamlet to his mother,
"If damned custom hath not *brazed it* so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense." (*Ham.* III. iv. 35).

And in *King Lear* Gloucester says of his son Edmund:—

"I have so often blushed to acknowledge him
That I am now *brazed to it.*" (*Lear* I. i. 10).

In both cases you see the very word of the *Promus* note—*brazed*, for impudent. Further on, where Goneril's steward insults the Duke of Kent by ignoring him, and stands out that he never saw him before, Kent calls him "a *brazen-faced* varlet" for daring to tell such an impudent falsehood.

So that remark about Shakespeare's face being well hit off *in brass* does not seem to be altogether complimentary, does it? It seems to say, "Here is an impudent fellow! If only the engraver could have drawn his wit, *his mind*, as well as he has drawn the face, the print would surpass *in impudence* all that was ever written."

And now, another observation. These lines seem to be a parody upon the motto written, by I known not whom, around the miniature painted by Hilliard in 1578, when Francis was in his 18th year. "From this youthful portrait and its incription we may gather," says Mr. Spedding, "something which indicates the impression made by Francis Bacon's conversation upon those who heard it." For my own part, I believe that his intimate friends knew far more of his mind than was shown by his *conversation* only. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Already, at the age of 18, he had, I feel convinced, written poetry, essays, meditations, and observations on a variety of subjects, to be published (some many years later) under other names than his. But our present concern is with the motto or inscription to his miniature. "Significant words,"

says Mr. Spedding, "the natural ejaculation, we may presume, of the artist's own emotion—*Si tabula daretur digna, animun mallem:* if one could but paint his mind!"

This, you see, is just the same sentiment as is expressed in the lines under *Shakspere's* effigy: "*O could he but have drawn his wit!*" The Shakspere verses, I say, are a parody of the motto on Francis Bacon's miniature.

And as the verses are parody, so the portrait itself is caricature. Look at that forehead! A montrosity, and caricature of the noble front, and finely developed brow of Francis Bacon. This of Martin Droeshout, suggests hydrocephalus, and even were it not exaggerated, yet the lower part of the face is too coarse to combine with an intellectual head.

This I consider to be a *disguised* or composite head, one specimen only of dozens which on future occasions may be exhibited. The forehead, the eyebrows, the marked eyelids and the long nose and long hair of Bacon are here *caricatured*, and combined with these, the bold or stony stare, the long upper lip, fleshy, beardless face and collar of "Shaxpurre." The beard, and patch, or "Charley,' on the chin are, in these composite pictures, carefully ill-defined. In the Shakspere bust, and in the oil-painting they are very decided, the moustache curling up towards a nose so short that it could by no means have belonged to the head which conceived Hamlet. (I appeal to phrenologists.) Such a nose is well suited to the man who sits with a nibless pen, no ink, and a blank sheet of paper, covered with his hand, staring at nothing particular, and, even if he *could* write (which I doubt), having no idea what to say.

Well may the author of the verses under *Shakespeare's* portrait counsel his readers, since they cannot descry the true face of the poet, to look

"Not on his picture, but his book."

March 13, 1893.

(We hope in subsequent numbers to give similar slight sketches of the Darmstadt death-mask, the Shakespeare bust at the Garrick Club, the Shakespeare portrait in oils, and other celebrated pictures.)

THE CONCEALED POET: A HISTORIC PARALLEL

FRANCIS BACON is not the only author who has won celebrity by one kind of authorship, and then bettered his former achievement by winning a still higher reputation under another name. Sir Walter Scott made a deathless name as the Border Minstrel who sung of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, and then put an eclipse upon his own shining by the lustre of the *Waverley* romances. During the many years in which the poet remained concealed behind the novelist there were many attempts made to penetrate the disguise, and one of these was so ingenious, so successful, and so analogous to the recent efforts to lift the masque of Shakespeare, that some account of it will interest the readers of BACONIANA.

In the year 1821 a book was published, entitled "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., M.P.: Containing Critical Remarks on the series of Novels, beginning with 'Waverley,' and an attempt to ascertain their Author." The motto on the title page is aptly taken from the *Tempest:* "If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list." The second edition, 1822, I will proceed to describe; it has been long out of print, and is probably unknown to my readers. It is curious to note how many of the arguments are our own—in substance, though not in circumstance. The letters are eight in number and are written in a scholarly style, with a good deal of the formal, self-effacing, almost obsequious ceremoniousness which has now gone out of fashion; reminding us of the *quasi*-cringing politeness which modern critics whose historical retrospect lacks perspective have attributed to meanness in many of Bacon's letters. The book is anonymous; but it is known that the writer was Mr. John Leycester Adolphus, a Barrister, and author of one or two works on law. The author is inspired by his subject, his admiration of the poems and the novels leads him to indulge in a good deal of interesting literary dissertation in which comparative criticism is forgotten, and it seems to me that the argument suffers occasionally from this divagation, and he is inclined to claim for the identity of literary sentiment, which the poems and novels alike produce, a probative value which belongs justly only to similarity of form and substance.

His first remark is that of astonishment that the hidden author can be so long concealed; he must be a conspicuous figure in the society which he frequents. "If then," he continues, "we cast our eyes among those persons whose talents and acquirements have in any degree attracted general attention, how many shall we find who have given proofs of a genius, I will not say equal, but strikingly correspondent to that which has produced the celebrated novels? One such there is, but we look in vain for a second. I therefore reason like Prince Manfred's servants in the Castle of Otranto, who, when they had seen the leg of an armed giant in the gallery, and his hand upon the staircase, concluded that this same preternatural personage was owner of the gigantic helmet which lay unclaimed in the courtyard."

The critic then discusses the motives for such concealment: how it is that any writer capable of winning such applause should forego the privilege and delight of receiving it in his own person. He solves this riddle by supposing that the author has already won as much homage as he cares for, and can afford to leave other laurels unappropriated. "I apply to our novelist the observation which very naturally suggested itself to Dryden's contemporaries on his anonymous publication of 'Absolom and Achitophel':

> "'Since thou already art secure of fame,
> Nor want'st new glories to exalt thy name;
> What father else would have refused to own
> So great a son as god-like Absalon?'"

Then, making a little closer approach to the masked writer, he observes that "the author of *Marmion* has neglected his poetical vein in proportion as the author of *Waverley* has cultivated his talent for prose narration. . . . This twofold mystery is simply and consistently explained by supposing that the bard has transmigrated into the writer of novels, and that the talent so unaccountably withdrawn from the department of lyrical composition is now pouring out its exuberance in another region of literature, as the fountain Arethusa sank under the earth in Greece and reappeared in Sicily."

In the second and third letters the writer calls attention to "those parts of the anonymous works which afford glimpses of the personal character, the habits, studies, and occupations of their author," and

shows how singularly they correspond with those of the great romantic poet:—

1. Both are Scotchmen.

2. Both have resided long in or near Edinburgh.

3. The author of *Waverley* possesses in a high degree the qualifications of a poet. This is seen not only in detached thoughts or expressions or passages, but in the very conception and structure of the stories. For example, "*The Bride of Lammermoor* is a tale which no man but a poet could tell. In it we experience that fervour and exaltation of mind, that keen susceptibility of emotion, and that towering and perturbed state of the imagination which poetry alone can produce." In *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* there is imagination and passion beyond the scope of a mere prose writer; but the poetical character does not so predominate in the design and incidents of these stories as it does in the story of *Lammermoor*. The writer then proceeds to give instances in which poetical embellishments appear in the prose narratives.

4. Both are deeply imbued with antiquarian lore; both are deeply and equally touched with Bibliomania,

5. Both are proficient in German and Spanish.

6. As to classic learning, the compositions of both indicate the reading and culture of a gentleman, though not the erudition of a professed scholar.

7. Both have a thorough knowledge and statesman-like understanding of the domestic history and politics of Britain at various and distant periods, and we know that the poet was editor of Swift and Dryden, of Lord Somer's tracts, and Sir Ralph Sadler's State papers.

8. The novelist is a "man of law"—*i.e.*, Scotch law :—he revels in its technicalities, and is inclined to be prolix in legal detail; he never shirks a legal discussion, but enters into it with eager goodwill, as if the case were actually "before the fifteen." Law which is a stumbling-block to others is a couch of repose for him; the manners, humours, and *bavardage* of lawyers are sketched with the ease of familiarity.

9. Both are ardent lovers of rural sports and of all manly and robust exercises.

10. Both are very fond of dogs; "wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute in any way to a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude." More than twenty cases are cited.

11. Both are fond of martial and military subjects; but in this department there are marks of the amateur who coaches himself in small details, which a professional soldier would pass by.

12. Both are accustomed to good society, honourable principles, good manners, gentlemanly conduct. Their gentleman are not of the *parvenu* or shoddy type, but native, and to the manner born; they never compromise their gentle quality, as the heroes of vulgar novel-writers so often do. The author dwells on this at considerable and perhaps needless length.

13. Besides these general characteristics, there is one singular circumstance. The author of *Waverley* "makes honourable mention of almost every contemporary poet except the Minstrel of the Border." The two or three allusions are dry, not to say ungracious. This itself may betray identity, for a writer "may innocently, may becomingly, treat his other self with a cynical indifference which, if manifested toward a brother in literature, would be justly blamed as harsh and uncandid."

Taking a general view of all these points of agreement, the writer triumphantly asks, "Are we then to conclude that this extraordinary agreement in so many and such various particulars amounts only to a casual resemblance between distinct individuals? Can there exist authors so precisely the counterparts of each other? Must we imagine—

Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas?

'O wonderful bard! And O still more amazing writer of romance!

> How have you made division of yourself?
> An apple cleft in two is not more twin
> Than these two creatures."—*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 229.

All this is worth reproducing in the interests of the Baconian cause; here are our very weapons and armour employed in a different case.

In the fourth letter the writer proceeds to examine the works themselves. All these writings are marked by native piety and goodness, good morals and good sense: no atrabilious gloom, no wanton levity,

no affectation, or prejudice, or fashionable cant, or metaphysic refinements, or maudlin philanthropy. Much of this is not very conclusive and may be skipped.

The author notes that intelligible motives are at work even where the incidents are fantastic and the characters weird or superstitious; so that even grotesque and anomalous events have an air of verisimilitude. The style is free from artifice—antithesis, inversion, reiteration, or climax, from sententious brevity or sounding circumlocution, or studied surprises. Irony and sarcasm are absent, but there is a peculiar type of serious banter in both writers, a style in which affected gravity is blended with satiric slyness. Both writers are charged with frequent negligence in style. But as the critic's own style is somewhat primly correct and superfine, his impeachment of the *Waverley* style is, I think, somewhat hypercritical. He complains of Scotticisms—Caledonian confusions between *shall* and *will*, put into the lips of Queen Elizabeth. It is, however, not easy to see how a Scotch writer can avoid Scotticisms, or why they should be more objectionable than the translation of foreign conversation into idiomatic English, in any novel dealing with French or Italian persons.

The next letter discusses the dialogue in the two groups of writings. Of course, such colloquialism as is essential to prolonged or rapid dialogue is only possible in prose, consequently the parallel is incomplete. But where comparison is possible the resemblance is striking, as in the dexterity with which the thread of narrative runs on through conversation and is contained in it. Not less remarkable is the adaptation of language to the age, sex, character, and condition of the speaker, so that these two authors seem "like the Persian dervise to possess the faculty of transfusing his own soul into the body of any one whom he may select." Not only so; there is the same adaptation of discourse to acquired habits and peculiarities, whether national or professional, the effect of accident or education. The faults of both are the same; the dialogue sometimes "languishes in a bald verbosity and sinks into a weak and affected strain," "unlike real conversation in any age or class of society." Sometimes, too, these authors are pedantic in introducing archæology or allusions to old romances into homely talk. Both injure the *vraisemblance* of

a scene by allowing historically celebrated persons to indulge in idle and sportive allusions to their own adventures and sayings. And it is significant that both fail in scenes of broad and unmitigated vulgarity; they cannot stoop to this level even if they try. But, on the other hand, in serious situations they often rise to nervous and impassioned eloquence.

In this letter we can find little conclusive argument. Some of the faults alleged are not very cogently proved, and throughout there is too much appeal to merely literary taste: the old axiom *de gustibus* does not seem to influence the author.

For the same reason, as well as from considerations of space, I must pass lightly over the next letter, which is full of subtle criticism of the special poetic type indicated by poet and novelist—its popular, direct, realistic character, the absence of philosophic musing or didactic discourse—not painting the poetic or romantic imagery which a scene suggests, but showing the thing itself with picturesque Ἐνάργεια, or brilliant distinctness. Such a description of murder as—

> "Now . . . . wither'd murder
> Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards his design,
> Moves like a ghost,"—

is not to be found in the whole compass either of the prose or poetry. The poet and novelist are painters, and use expressions proper to the painter's art, dwelling on effects of light and shade, form and colour, perspective and *chiaroscuro*. These remarks are striking and just, and are copiously and skilfully illustrated; but they do not add much to the main argument. The resemblances referred to may be national as well as personal, or may mark a special epoch rather than a single person.

The next, the seventh, letter brings forward another class of resemblances, much more striking; it deals with the structure of the stories, and the mode in which special incidents or phrases are used. Each tale—whether in prose or poetry—is closely connected with historic truth and topographical reality; each is a study of the manners or of the political state of the period selected. It is remarkable how in both cases some striking custom or fashion, or mode of life,

stands out as a principal object in the foreground, the hordes gathering in the *Lay*, the Chapter at Holy Island in *Marmion*, the Fiery Cross in the *Lady of the Lake*, the Highland feast and Stag Hunt in *Waverley*, the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, and so on. In all the tales and poems (except perhaps *Guy Mannering*) the adventures turn on public affairs—some insurrection, civil war, a siege or a battle. The political and moral survey, national or local, and the views of individual character and conduct, are more learned and profound than the mere story requires. In all the poems, and most of the novels, some real place set forth with local knowledge is the principal scene, and local allusions abound. This is the case even when the places are more or less disguised by fictitious names—the real locality is easily detected.

Both are attracted by the same regions: the Scottish border, the south-eastern corner of Scotland, Edinburgh, the Highlands, Cumberland, Arran, York. In both cases the hero is often represented as entering the locality for the first time, with a traveller's curiosity. Set soliloquy occurs in nearly every tale, prose or poetical.

In both cases the effect is sometimes marred by over-fondness for *coups de theatre*. In *Ivanhoe* the Saxon Ulrica appears during the conflagration on a turret, and sinks into the flames, "yelling forth a war song." Similar melodrama occurs in the *Lady of the Lake*. The narrative is often varied by detached lyrics.

As a fault common to both, the hero is often kept too long in the background, or overshadowed by a more prominent character and so almost forgotten. The principal personage is too often made the blind instrument of another's will or purpose, or the sport of events. The dignity of a hero is compromised by cherishing an unrequited passion, as Wilfrid in *Rokeby*, Evandale in *Old Mortality*, &c.

Both writers often introduce a personal struggle between two contrasted characters, civilized and barbarous—Malcolm Græme with Rhoderick Dhu, Wilfrid with Risingham, &c.

Of all human ties, none is so often or so fondly dwelt upon as that between father and daughter—as of Douglas and Ellen in the *Lady of the Lake*, and in nearly all the novels.

Both writers often overleap long periods of time.

Both are fond of surprises and unexpected disclosures, clearing up mysteries and bringing about a *denouement.*

Both dwell on national superstitions, and are fond of supernatural events and of persons supernaturally endowed.

Both are fond of dreams and describe them in detail.

In both, living persons, supposed to be dead, reappear and are taken for spectres—De Wilton in *Marmion*, Mortham in *Rokeby* Henry Morton in *Old Mortality*, Athelstone in *Ivanhoe.*

All these resemblances are amply illustrated and are of remarkable cogency as an argument for identity of authorship. They are so numerous and striking as to be equivalent to parallels or correspondencies which require explanation, and either imply conscious imitation or else must be taken as the natural and spontaneous expression of one and the same individuality.

The battle scenes of both writers are usually described by persons looking on from a commanding and distant point. The same scenes occur in both prose and poetry, thus:

"At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion."—*Tales of My Landlord.*

> "But ere I cleared that bloody pass,
> Our northern horse ran masterless."—*Rokeby.*

A tournament is described in very similar terms in *Ivanhoe* and the *Bridal of Trierman.*

A conflagration, described in *Rokeby* and *Lord of the Isles*, closely resembles those in *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Heart of Midlothian.*

There can be no mistake in the following close parallels:—

"The daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glistened with all their pearls of dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the greenwood."—*Ivanhoe.*

> "The summer dawn's reflected hue
> To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue:
>
> * * * *

The doe awoke and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain-side, &c."
Lady of the Lake.

Again the novelist says of the moon:—

"She waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds which the wind from time to time drove across her surface."—*Antiquary.*

And the poet—

"The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam."
The Poacher.

The Heart of Midlothian has—

"She could see the crest of the torrent flung loose down the rock, like the mane of a wild horse."

The Lay of the Last Minstrel has—

"Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed."

"The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way." *Lady of the Lake.*

"The deep-mouthed baying of a hound coming down the wind."—*Legend of Montrose.*

"Thunder-splintered pinnacle."—*Lady of the Lake.*
"The thunder-splitten peaks of Arran."
The Heart of Midlothian.

It is plain that our limits will not allow more than a very few specimens of these parallels. These, of course, form the most direct and irresistible proofs of identical authorship, and their successful employment in this case may supply us with a standard of measurement by which we may estimate the probative value of our own. The eighth letter devotes about 67 pages—small 8vo—to this enumeration; many of them are very elaborate and require long extracts for their display. There are altogether about 80 such comparisons. My copy contains a pencilled note by the generous friend to whom I am indebted for this curious old book. His conceptions of the Baconian case is somewhat crude and limited, as may be judged by the note, which runs as follows:—

"Mrs. Pott has in like manner compared Bacon's works with the

plays of Shakespeare, and, though the analogies are not equal to those in this book, they are very surprising."

This, surely he will allow me to say, is about as blundering and purblind a piece of criticism as could be made on the topic. I presume the critic alludes to the *Promus* and its annotations, and it is very safe to say that the number of unequivocal parallels there given may be reckoned not by four or five scores, but by as many hundreds. Mr. Donnelly's collection of parallels is not easily counted—at least I have not taken the trouble to count them, but they are contained in 167 pages of royal 8vo. If the 80 parallels given by our author prove his case—as unquestionably they do—the hundreds which Baconian students have pointed out prove their case still more triumphantly.

Moreover, the Baconian parallels have one great advantage over the *Waverley* collection: they cannot be explained by any theory of conscious or unconscious copying. The notion that Bacon copied from Shakespeare is only the frantic refuge of a few self-willed opponents of Bacon's claims who are determined *per fas et nefas* to resist the hated conclusion and flout the hated man. If, on the contrary, any hostile critics had been found resolved at all costs to tear the *Waverley* argument to pieces, they might easily have opposed it in some such terms as this:—

"Why, look you! when the *Waverley* novels were written all the poems had been published; they were common property; the most popular literature of the time; their characteristic ideas and phrases were in everybody's mouth; all well-educated people were familiar with them and knew them by heart; they were the pride and glory of the time, and no one could fail of being influenced by them. Such a writer as the *Waverley* novelist must have been saturated by them. Doubtless they kindled his enthusiasm and directed his studies; he used them as finger-posts to point the way to a most fruitful and untrodden ground for his own special art."

Some such method of evading the force of the argument could have been easily employed, and might have proved very embarrassing to those who undertook to support the affirmative thesis, that the authorship of the two groups is identical.

The fact is that whereas a few parallels of this kind prove little or

nothing, a large collection of them proves a great deal, and every new addition to the pile enhances the value of all the rest; so that after a time the force of the argument increases in a sort of geometric ratio. The measurement of this argument requires a calculus of its own. Those who resist the conclusion to which they point never weigh the parallels *en masse;* they select a few, probably very bad ones, or very ambiguous, or very subtle, state them in a self-refuting way, and try to persuade their readers that the whole case rests on these selected instances, and falls if they are discredited. Nothing can be more fallacious or disingenuous. It seems to me that these slippery reasoners, who pick and choose among our facts just those which we ourselves least value, and never take a large and comprehensive view of the whole case, ought to be left severely unanswered.

R. M. T.

SIDNEY'S SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS.

"Live ever, sweet book; he who wrote thee was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, and the honeybee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art."—*Gabriel Harvey.*

I CAN say, with Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," that Francis Bacon "is he that hath filled all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome"; but because I so believe, that is not a reason why either I, or any other enthusiastic and devoted admirer of the great poet, orator, and philosopher should claim for him, without careful and studious examination and analysis, the authorship of all the poems and plays wrongfully attributed to William Shakspere, the butcher's apprentice and poacher of Stratford-on-Avon.

It seems to me that the Shakspere claim should be attacked in detail. In that way lies exposure of its falsity, and the utter defeat and overthrow of the ignorant idol who has been so blindly worshipped. It seems to me, I repeat, that the proper way to arrive at the truth is, first of all, to discuss and settle the question of Shakspere's right to the authorship, without reference to Francis Bacon's claim at all; and when it is fairly shown the world beyond a

reasonable doubt, that the illiterate Shakspere could not have written the works for which he has so long received credit, the other question of who did write them can be better and more easily solved. The Baconians are at a disadvantage now, for they try to set up their own divinity before knocking down the imposter from his gilded pedestal.

Following the lead of the painstaking and indefatigable William H. Burr, I am of the opinion that the very strongest argument against the Shakspere claim is the one which is the least urged and amplified for the instruction of the people: I refer to the irrefragable proof, which is easily adduced, of the inability of William Shakspere to write the King's English with any facility, as shown conclusively by the only specimens of his hand-writing extant. Of these, there are only five assuredly authentic. There are two more which may be presumed to be his, and one other lately discovered, the authenticity of which is uncertain.

In the spring of 1613, when Shakspere was nearly forty-nine years old, he purchased from Henry Walker a house and lot near the Blackfriars' theatre; and the deed to which he affixed his name bears date March 10th, 1612-3.

On the following day he executed a mortgage to Walker to secure a part of the purchase money, and his signature is, of course, affixed to it.

Afterwards, on the 25th day of March, 1815-6, when he was fifty-two years old, he placed his name on each of the three sheets of paper of which that last will consists, which has been rendered famous by the gift to his wife of his second-best bed.

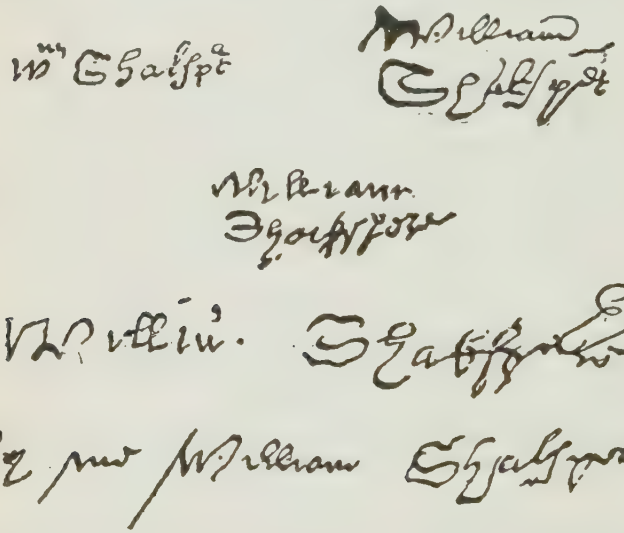
These comprise all the authentic writings of William Shakspere, which relic-hunters, antiquarians, historians, and pertinacious and enthusiastic searchers have been able to unearth, after two hundred and seventy-six years of assiduous labour and inquiry in every part of the world.

Beside these, there are two signatures which may be presumed to be his—one of them on a copy of the Montaigne of Florio, and the other on a volume of the plays in the possession of Mr. Gunther, the great candy manufacturer of Chicago.

Very lately a volume of North's Plutarch of 1603 was sold to the

Boston Public Library which has the words "Wilm. Shakspere" written in it, and which signature may or may not be genuine. Commenting upon the question of determination by comparison, the learned librarian very truly observes "that the field of comparison of the library signature with the known originals is narrow, being limited to those written between 1613 and 1616, all of which show such a lack of facility in hand-writing as would almost preclude the possibility of Shakspere's having written the dramas attributed to him, so great is the apparent illiteracy of his signatures."

As it is the design of this article to deal only with facts in reference to Shakspere, and not with possibilities, presumptions, or guesses, I append herewith, for the reader's convenient study, *facsimiles* of the five undoubted signatures:—



The man or woman who will critically and dispassionately examine these *facsimiles* or their originals, must inevitably conclude that the William Shakspere who wrote so wretchedly, was just such an ignoramus as the education of a few months at the poorly-equipped Stratford Grammar School would have made him. He could scarcely write his name; and the individual who can believe, in the face of

the evidence of Shakspere's own hand-writing, that such a dullard could compose and write the magnificent plays which adorn our literature has more faith than common-sense. I often wonder why English experts in hand-writing, who have access to the originals of four at least of these five undoubted signatures of William Shakspere, made by him in the ripe maturity of his manhood, do not critically examine and analyze these signatures for the benefit of the people who ought to know whether or not William Shakspere was a mask for the real author, or for a syndicate of authors.

Having satisfied myself by a critical study of the five genuine specimens of his hand-writing, in connection with the fact of his limited means of acquiring knowledge, that Shakspere could not have written the plays and poems which circulate in his name, I regarded the field of investigation as fairly open, and I have therefore adopted the plan of a detailed examination of the poems and plays, beginning with the sonnets, in aid of the proper solution of that question which is, sooner or later, to become of absorbing interest to the students of English literature—namely, who did write the plays and poems? I confess that when I took up the study of the authorship of the sonnets, I was prejudiced in favour of Bacon; but a close and careful examination of the 154 sonnets convinced me that Sir Philip Sidney wrote them.

In the May and October (1892) numbers of the American "Baconiana" I set out four reasons for my belief that Sidney was their author.

The first was that *love* was the argument of the sonnets, clearly revealing the poet's name, as he himself declared in the 76th Sonnet. Every associate and friend of Sidney knew, as does every reader of his life and works, that he adopted that name. He abridged his full name to Phil Sid; he then anagramatized it into Philisides and he then constructed for himself the name of Astrophil, star of love, or love-star, calling Lady Rich, Stella.

The second reason was that in the 20th Sonnet, he played upon the surname of his very dear friend Sir Edward Dyer, when he wrote that puzzling, punning line:—"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling," likening his name to that of a dyer, who in his business controls all hues and colours.

The third reason for the identification of Sidney as the author was the connection and resemblance between the statements and the facts of Sidney's life.

The fourth reason was that Sidney was known by name of Will or Willy among his friends and contemporary poets. See Sonnets 135 and 136.

I also showed that Sidney did not desire that his poetry should be published, and that it circulated for years after his death in manuscript form among his friends and acquaintances. In corroboration of my statement, I refer the reader to an article on "Shakspere and Copyright" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1893.

The most remarkable and to me the most interesting confirmation of my discovery will be found in a book called "Shakespeare's Sonnets Solved," written by Henry Brown, and published in London in 1870. I never saw a copy of it until 1893. The author, assuming that Shakspere wrote the sonnets, undertakes to show that they were a purposed imitation of the extravagant assertions and eccentric loving of the Italian and English sonneteers; and that the allegory was founded on the love of Sir Philip Sidney for Lady Rich and her illicit amours. Shakspere, he says, was imitating the conceits and style of the sonnet writers; and he asserts that Sidney's love for Stella and her love for him gave rise to the allegory, and that though Stella is chiefly alluded to, the sonnets were also intended as a satire on the times. If Mr. Brown had divested himself of his blind faith in the ability of the ignorant Shakspere to write a poem or play, and given the same amount of learning to unravel the mystery of the authorship, which he displays in his attempt to make Shakspere an allegorist, he would have discovered that the true author was Sir Philip Sidney.

I present now the fifth reason why I believe that Sidney wrote the Shake-speare Sonnets—viz., the similarity in style between them and the acknowledged writings of Sidney.

Desiring to abstain from self-assertion and to plant myself upon the firm basis of received authority, I will lay down no rule of my own as to Sidney's style, preferring to adopt the judgment of Jusserand, who, in the English novel before Shakespeare, says at page 255 that the rules of Sidney's style consist *firstly* in the

antithetical and cadenced repetition of the same words in the sentences written merely for effect, as, for example, "A greater greatness to give a kingdom than to get a kingdom," and "either for the love of honour or honour of his love;" *secondly*, in persistently ascribing life and feeling to inanimate objects, as, for example, "Did you not mark how the wind whistled and the seas danced for joy? how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania?"

If, now, these rules governing Sidney's style are applied to the sonnets, it will be found that the same antithetical and cadenced repetitions and the same ascription of life and feeling to inanimate objects occur in them. I give some examples under each rule:—

Under the First Rule.

"Music to hear, why hearest thou music sadly" (Sonnet 8, l. 1).

"So long lives this, and this gives life to thee" (Sonnet 18, l. 14).

"Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love" (Sonnet 32, l. 14).

"My grief lies onward and my joy behind" (Sonnet 50, l. 14).

"My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue" (Sonnet 113, l. 14).

"Mine ransom's yours, and yours must ransom me" (Sonnet 154, l. 14).

"Love's fire heats water, water cools not love" (Sonnet 154, l. 14).

Under the Second Rule.

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, and dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field" (Sonnet 2).

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eyes" (Sonnet 33).

"Love's penury within that pen doth dwell" (Sonnet 84).

"The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, one blushing shame, another white despair" (Sonnet 99).

I will next consider the phrases and turns of expression in the sonnets in connection with the use of them by Sidney.

"And for a woman wert thou first created" (Sonnet 20).

"And for the event we never ought be sad" (Arcadia).

"And thou in this shalt find thy monument" (Sonnet 107).

"And thou my mind aspire to higher things" (Astrophil and Stella).

"Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took" (Sonnet 47).

"Betwixt the good and shade of good divided" (Arcadia).

"Betwixt which two in me, I have this fight" (Idem).

"And I by and by clean starved for a look" (Sonnet 75).

"Husband, quoth she, go to him by and by" (Arcadia).

"But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought" (Sonnet 44).

"But, ah! her darts did far more deeply go" (Arcadia).

"How can my muse want subject to invent" (Sonnet 38).

"Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my muse escape" (Arcadia).

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes" (Sonnet 17).

"If I could think how these my thoughts to leave" (Astrophil and Stella).

"In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes" (Sonnet 141).

"In faith, good Histor, long is your delay" (Arcadia).

"Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine" (Sonnet 62).

"Methinks my sound no place with sorrow filleth" (Arcadia).

"When I do count the clock that tells the time" (Sonnet 12).

"When I do smell the flowers of these valleys" (Arcadia).

"When I was forced from Stella ever dear" (A. & S.).

Sidney and the author of the sonnets both use the expressions "And in, and so, and therefore, and though, and when, alas, as I, but for, but now, but then, but yet, even as, farewell, for that, for as, hast thou, how much more, how oft, I never, if thou, like to, needs must, O else, O how, or if, perforce, save that, since what, since that, so oft, thou art, take heed, therefore, thus is, whereto, why dost thou."

Other resemblances and peculiarities are readily traced. The author of the sonnets ends a line with the letter I, as thus in Sonnet 72, l. 7. "And hang more praises on deceased *I*."

Compare the Astrophil and Stella Sonnets 103, 104, and 105.

"She so dishevelled, blushed from window *I*."

"From out my ribs and puffing proves that *I*."

"I swear by her I love and lack that *I*."

In Sonnet 85 the poet uses the phrase—

"And like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen.'"

It is noticeable that Sidney was a clerk in holy orders in the church of Whitford.

In Sonnet 86 the writer playfully alludes to his poet friends thus:—

> "He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

The reference to the familiar ghost reasonably fits, I think, his familiar friend Fulke Greville, who imported the ghost from Seneca, and in his Alaham and Mustapha summons the ghost of one of the old kings of Ormus to speak his prologue. See Shakespeare's predecessors by Symonds, page 240.

Sidney occasionally liked to repeat the first words of a sonnet in the succeeding lines as in Astrophil and Stella (Sonnet 105).

The same peculiarity occurs in the Shake-speare Sonnet 66. I quote other striking resemblances.

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow" (Sonnet 2, l. 1).

"When forty winters have I married been" (Arcadia).

"No love toward others in that bosom sits that on himself such murderous shame commits" (Sonnet 9, ls. 13 and 14).

"Immortal be preserved, if thus, thou murder thy posterity; thy very being thou hast not deserved" (Arcadia).

"And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill" (Sonnet 16, l. 14).

"With his sweet skill, my skilless youth he drew" (Arcadia).

"Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love" (Sonnet 32, l. 14).

"No style is held for base, where love well named is" (Arcadia).

"Describe Adonis and the counterfeit is poorly imitated after you" (Sonnet 53, ls. 5 and 6).

"I will think thy pictures be image like of saints perfection, poorly counterfeiting thee" (Sidney).

"So oft have I invoked thee for my muse" (Sonnet 78, l. 1).

"Muses, I oft invoke your holy aid" (Sidney).

"Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind still constant in a wondrous excellence" (Sonnet 108, ls. 5 and 6).

"Such as you see, such still you shall me find constant and kind" (Arcadia).

"Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate" (Sonnet 142, l. 1).

"Then love is sin, and let me sinful be" (Astrophil and Stella).

The doctrine of the cycles is very clearly set out in Sonnet 123, which I ask the reader to consider carefully; and it is very easy to show by authority from whence Sidney derived the views expressed in that Sonnet. He was instructed by Giordano Bruno, who visited England in 1583, residing for several years in London.

Bourne, in his life of Sidney, states that on the evening of Ash Wednesday, 1584, Bruno was invited by Greville to meet Sidney and others to hear the reasons for his belief that the earth moves, and their meetings were frequent, for Bruno writes that "We met in a chamber in Greville's house to discuss moral, metaphysical, mathematical, and natural speculations." Sidney imbibed his ideas and freely sympathized with him, and Bruno dedicated two of his books to Sidney.

The use of the word "sugared," by Meres, as applied to the Sonnets, originated with Sidney. It was a familiar expression with him, as for example in A. and S. 59, "Sugared lips," "Sugared kiss" (Idem 73), "Sugared phrase" (Idem 193), "Sugared bliss" (Idem, tenth song), "Sugared selves" (Arcadia). In his preface to Meres's sketch in 1598, Dr. Arber says, "Many of the English works referred to in this sketch existed at the time only in manuscript. A number of them did not come to the press for years, some for many years afterwards, and some not at all, and are now lost."

Puttenham, in his art of English poesie (1589), says, "I know very many notable gentlemen in the court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it; as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned and to show himself amorous of any good art." We know that Sidney's works circulated freely in manuscript, and were not printed for years after his death. Astrophil and Stella was circulated privately until 1591, when it was surreptitiously printed as a work that had been "spread abroad in written copies and carried general commendation." Greville, when arranging for the publication of the Arcadia, wrote of "the mercenary printing. Gain there will be no doubt to be disposed of by you; let it be to the poorest of his servants."

The only real argument in favour of Shakspere is founded on what may be called the universality of belief in Great Britain and America; as if universality of belief will consecrate a lie. The world believes that William Shakspere wrote the plays and poems, and it is fashionable and customary so to believe. Kings and princes have so believed. Shaksperian societies have so believed; commentators and essayists by the hundreds have kept the gilded idol in a state of preservation for nearly three centuries by ingenious suppositions, possibilities, and probabilities; and when doubters grumbled on account of the paucity of facts, bold forgeries like those of Ireland and Cunningham have been put upon the market to minister to a popular mind diseased.

Yet this fashion, this belief in the power of ignorance to achieve miracles in literature, will yet fade away in the light of truth.

If I should suggest to one of the Shakspere-worshippers that great learning is not formed in the blood, or even picked up in a few months at a Stratford school, although re-endowed by Edward the Sixth, he would answer about thus, "You may suggest what you please, but Shakspere is Shakspere, and I cannot, and will not believe that anybody but Shakspere wrote Shakspere's plays. He is to me a miraculous mystery in literature." To which I answer, "Yes, he is indeed a mystery in literature. There's something so romantic and mysterious about Shakspere, from the cradle to the grave. You see that although we celebrate the anniversary of his birth, yet nobody knows when Shakspere was born. That's the first mystery. We get the date of his baptism from the church record, and we can guess at the birth date. And then it is such a delicious mystery not to know whether his father was a butcher, or a wool dealer, or a glove seller. Who knows? And how long, and when was Shakspere at school, and who was the tutor who taught him "small Latin, and less Greek?" That is a good subject to guess about. And was he or not a butcher's apprentice? That's a conundrum for the literati. And did he not marry Anne Hathaway, or as the license says, Anne Whatley of Temple Grafton, a woman eight years older than himself, for pure love; and after two children, Hamnet and Judith, had been born to them, did he not run away and desert his wife and children, after stealing deer from Charlcote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy? Is not all this a

mystery? Does not Rowe excuse this gentlemanly act of desertion by saying that he had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows fallen into ill company; and do not all men of learning and genius desert their wives, and yet love them so much always that when they realize large fortunes by literature, they charitably remember their dear wives in their wills, by bequeathing to them, as the generous Shakspere did, "one second best bed" at the least? And here are three other mysteries which are hard to explain. Why did Shakspere bring up his children in ignorance so that his own daughter could not write her name?

Again, what was the true surname of the bard? Was it Shake-speare, or Shakspere, or Shakspur? And greatest mystery of all, how did it happen that a man who is popularly credited with such magnificent poems and plays, and with the knowledge of all languages, sciences, and arts, never left a single sentence or scrap of writing except his wretchedly scrawled signature to legal papers, to show that he was a man of learning? This fellow, Shakspere, never could have written the Shake-speare Sonnets. Nothing in them fits him or the known facts of his life. Everything in them fits Sidney and the known facts of his life. Harvey styled him and Dyer "the Castor and Pollux of poetry," and Spenser called them "the two diamonds of Her Majesty's Court."

JOHN H. STOTSENBURG.

DESIDERATA.

WANTED—Information as to Bacon's Library. Will no one connected with the families of Herbert, Tennyson, Cotton, Selden, Constable, and others among Bacon's intimates, help in this matter? We appeal to scholars at Cambridge to seek these books in the University Library, and at Trinity College. Similarly at Oxford, will some one aid us by examining the Selden collection at the Bodleian Library? We expect not to find Francis Bacon's name inscribed in his books, but, rather, some motto or secret mark, and perhaps marginal notes. The Harleian, Cotton, Finch-Hatton, and other collections of MSS. at the British Museum, the antiquarian, Bacon, and other MSS. at Lambeth, with those at Dulwich College, Sion College, and other such libraries should be seriously examined.

EULOGY: THOMAS POWELL TO FRANCIS BACON.

To True Nobility and Tryde Learning beholden to no Mountaine of Eminence nor Supportment for Height, Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albanes.

O give me leave to pull the curtaine by,
That clouds thy worth in such obscurity:
Good Seneca, stay but a while thy bleeding,
Ta' accept what I received at thy Reading:
Here I present it in a solemn strayne
And thus I pluck the curtayne back againe.

Thomas Powell, 1630. Third Edition.

"THESE noticeable lines to Bacon in his 'disgrace,' have hitherto escaped notice." So says Grosart in "*Fuller's Worthies Library*," Vol. i., p. 29. Grosart comments on Spedding's favourable criticism on Bacon's acknowledged poems (see Bacon's Works, Vol. vii., pp. 265—272). Grosart entirely sympathises with Spedding's opinion of Bacon's poetical genius, and that he was fully capable of the poet's faith,

"That every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Spedding's criticism is, says Grosart, "fine, and finely put, and whoever studies reverentially and lovingly—as is due to so much as the signature of a name so supreme as Bacon's—any of these "Certaine Psalms," will find thought or tremble of feeling or epithet like a touch of autumn colour, in the most apparently tame lines. I can't help anticipating that, some of these days, Bacon letters, or other papers will turn up, interpretive of his, at present, dark phrase to Sir John Davies, of "your concealed poet." We have noble contemporary poetry, unhappily anonymous: and I shall not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it. May I live to have my expectation verified!"—*Rev. Alex. B. Grosart.* (See Bridge's Brit. Bibliog., Vol. i., p. 513).

OUR STUDY.

Notices of Contemporary Literature and Research in Bacon.

Inquiries are frequently made regarding the best books to be read in order to study methodically, and without too great labour or expenditure of time, the Life and Works of Francis Bacon, and the many theories which have grown up in connection with him. We propose, therefore, from time to time, to give a list of books which seem calculated to meet this requirement, and of new publications bearing upon the same subjects.

Life of Francis Bacon.

1. "The Life of the Rt. Honble. Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, by Dr. Rawley, D.D., his Lordship's first and last Chaplain, and of late, His Majesty's Chaplain in Ordinary." This very brief "Life" (18 octavo pages) is of great value. The sentences (pregnant with meaning, though condensed to the extreme) are found to be as the "finger-posts" mentioned by Bacon, which guide the reader through unknown regions. First edition, published in the "Resuscitatio," 1657; second edition, enlarged, 1661; third edition enlarged, 1671, after the death of Dr. Rawley. The notes added in Spedding's edition of the works, Vol. I., 1875, are very valuable. The life is also in Devey's edition of the Essays. Hen. E. Bohn, London, 1857.

2. "Letters and Life." J. Spedding. 7 vols., 8vo. Longman's, 1861. (300th Anniversary of Bacon's Birth). This admirable work regards Bacon chiefly as lawyer and statesman; but it contains, besides the Grey's Inn Revels or *Gesta Grayorum*, an account of "the fanciful pageants or devices," entitled, the "*Conference of Pleasure*"; "*Philantia, or Self-Love*"; and "The Indian Prince." These three titles are, however, all omitted from the index. See Vol. i., pp. 119, 374—391.

3. An abridged edition, in two small volumes, was published a few years after the preceding, by Spedding, and entitled, "The Life and Times" of Bacon.

4. "The Personal History of Lord Bacon." W. Hepworth Dixon.

1 vol., 8vo. J. Murray, 1861. Either this, or the following, or both, should be read. They present quite a different side of the "myriad-mind" of our great subject.

5. "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life," *by the same.* 1 vol., small 8vo., includes still newer facts. 1862.

6. Francis Bacon: an Account of his Life and Works." By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. 1885. This book is thoroughly antipathetic to Bacon, and may be consulted by those who wish to learn the worst motives which can be ascribed to him, and the gloss which can be set upon some of his words and actions.

Character.

7. "An Evening with the Reviewers." James Spedding. A calm and able refutation of the charges brought against Bacon, by Pope, Macaulay, Campbell, and later writer. (Also see No. 6. *Ante.*)

Philosophy.

8. Professor Fowler's "Bacon." One of a series of great Authors. Excellent. 1 small vol.

9. Works." Edited by Spedding, Ellis and Heath. 7 vols., 8vo. 1875. See also for Bacon's Philosophy, No. 6, *Ante.*

10. "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespear's Plays?" A letter to Lord Ellesmere. By Wm. Henry Smith. Pamphlet. Printed for private circulation. London, September, 1856. Reproduced in *Littell's Living Age* (4 pages), November, 1856.

11. "William Shakespeare and his Plays": an Inquiry concerning them. Delia Bacon. See *Putman's Monthly,* January, 1856. 1—19. These two works are said to have been written quite independently of each other.

12. The Philosophy of the Shakespeare Plays unfolded." Delia Bacon. London: Groombridge. 1857. 8vo. Pp. 582.

13. Bacon and Shakespeare. An Inquiry touching Players, Play-Houses, and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth. By Wm. H. Smith, Esq. To which is appended an abstract of a MS. respecting Tobie Matthew. London: J. Russell Smith, 1857. 12mo. Pp. 162. These early works are still highly interesting. No. 13 is an enlargement of No. 10.

Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

14. "Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?" Part I. "Thirty-two Reasons for believing that he did." Part II. "The Lives of Bacon and Shakespeare compared." Two pamphlets, by Mrs. Henry Pott. Published 1884—1885. About to be re-printed in one small vol. R. Banks & Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

15. "The Authorship of Shakespeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. Boston and New York, 1886. Second edition, with appendix and full index. Important work. Two vols., 8vo.

16. "The Shakespearean Myth." Appleton Morgan, LL.B. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1881.

17. "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies" (being private notes, *circ.*, 1594, hitherto unpublished). By Francis Bacon. Illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare, by Mrs. Henry Pott, with Preface by Dr. Abbott. Longmans, 1883.

18. "A New Study of Shakespeare. An Inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the classic Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the mysteries." By W. F. C. Wigston. Trübner & Co., 1884. 1 vol., 8vo.

19. Two Vols. of the "Bacon Journal," from 1886 to 1890. George Redway, 1886. Robert Banks & Son, 1891. London. (In 1891 "Baconiana" replaced the "Journal").

20. "Dethroning Shakspere." R. M. Theobald. London: Sampson, Lowe, Marston & Co. A Review of Reviews on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

21. Shakespeare und Shakspere." Von K. F. Graf Vitzthum von Eckstadt. 1 vol., large 8vo. Stuttgart. Cotta, 1888.

Bacon as the Centre of the Second Renaissance.

22. "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society. An attempt to collect and unite the Lost Links of a Long and Strong Chain." By Mrs. Henry Pott. 1 vol. Sampson, Lowe, Marston & Co., 1891.

23. The Columbus of Literature, or Bacon's New World of Sciences." By W. F. C. Wigston. Chicago: F. J. Schulte, 1892.

(*To be continued.*)

"LET IT BE INQUIRED."

1. CAN you favour me with any information regarding the teachers of Anthony and Francis Bacon before they left home for College, and at the University?

George Buchanan is said to have been a preceptor to Lady Anne Bacon about 1551. Did he continue as instructor of her young sons? Was Florio also a tutor to the Bacon family? I observe that these men were both connected with Michel de Montaigne whom Mrs. Henry Pott suspects as a mask for the brothers—one or both.—*Inquirer.*

2. Has it yet been ascertained when or where Antony Bacon died, and where he was buried? What is known about his movements? Why should there be any mystery made about him? Is there any index to the collection of his letters at Lambeth Palace? Have any of these letters been printed?—*Baconian.*

3. I observe that in Spedding's famous edition of Bacon's works (*De Aug. ii., p. 526, foot note*) the Editor says:—"Bacon was not improbably, acquainted with Fludd, who was one of the most learned of the Cabalistic philosophers." Is this not some confirmation of the notion that Bacon was the head and front of the Rosicrucians? Can any one tell me where to read particulars about Fludd in some accessible book?—*A. B.*

4. Is it true that the highest degrees in Rosicrucianism can only be taken in Holland? Can you inform me who are the present heads of the society?—*Rector.*

5. I have been trying to examine some of the earliest books written for children, either to amuse or instruct them. They seem all to begin in Bacon's time. Is it at all likely that he can have written such simple things? How can I ascertain?—*Mater.*

6. Will anyone be so good as to favour me with a list of books which will enable me to conduct a study of the history of Stenography and of Phonetic writing which seems to be mixed with it. Also of Cryptography? Has Mr. Donnelly made any advance in the deciphering of the plays? Is it true that another gentleman has made great discoveries in the same direction?—*Shorthand.*

7. In "Francis Bacon and his Secret Society" the Author speaks (p. 13) "of certain secret marks," which form a complete chain of evidence as to the workings of a secret society? Cannot these marks be explained to us, the readers of your journal?—*W. T. O.*

8. What are the proper arguments to refute the constant charges against Bacon of bribery, and money-loving, and cruelty to prisoners, &c.?—*Fair-play.*

9. At the last meeting of the Bacon Society a number of medals struck in honour of Bacon were exhibited; but I could not catch any clear explanation of their origin or cause? Can you oblige me by giving some account of these medals, who made them and why? Are they mentioned by Spedding or other of Bacon's biographers?—*J. C.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "Baconiana."

I observe that one of your correspondents, Mr. Clarke Irvine, has greatly misunderstood my meaning, where he brings forward a short list of words which I published in Baconiana, May, 1892, and describes them as words which I "assign to Bacon's invention, or at least credit him as their introducer." Not so. Although in the effort to be brief, I may not have been sufficiently explicit, I spoke of "the *habitual* words, pet phrases, and turns of speech, of which hardly a page or passage, in Bacon's writings, is entirely barren." It would indeed be foolish to enter even into a simple philological question like this, without having studied so much as our own Book of Common Prayer, or the Pasten letters! The statement that our language was "*as rich in words when those letters were written, and long before, as it is to-day*" is, I believe, utterly erroneous, and misleading. Even "Shakespeareans" assure us that the poet introduced into his poems 3,000 new words; and, although this is no place for controversy, yet it would be well if Mr. Clarke Irvine would produce for our benefit the proofs which he holds to justify a statement made in direct opposition to the experience of philologists, and to the statements of Bacon himself. As to the Bibles, and Books of Common Prayer, they are a pro-

found study of themselves; and it has been one of my greatest interests to note the changes in language, after the publication of the Revised Editions, which introduce so many of Bacon's peculiarities.

It would be a marvel if, in days described by Bacon as "deficient" in the very elements of a noble style, the Revisers, some of whom must have been personally known to him, should have refrained from applying to him for the assistance which he so liberally dealt out on all sides. More than this; the very prayers added to the Book of Common Prayer in the reign of James I., bear upon them the indelible stamp of Bacon's mind, as well as his mode of expression; and, to pass to minor matters, the water-marks in the paper, and the engravings (not to mention more secret marks) are "Baconian." They are of the series, alike symbolic and hieroglyphic, which are all found in the various editions of Bacon's acknowledged works, and which by twos, threes, or dozens are scattered throughout the immense mass of literature which he wrote, or (with the assistance of his secret society) compiled, directed, revised, and published.

These things require a volume for their due exposition; but I am not afraid to say that the more they are examined, and crucially tested, the more they will be proved true.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully, C. M. POTT.

"THE STAGE-PLAYER IMPOSTOR," OF THE ROSICRUCIAN "CONFESSIO FRATERNITATIS."

THE following communication has been received by Mrs. Henry Pott from a distinguished German correspondent, regarding the hypothesis put forward by Mr. Wigston and Mrs. Pott, and which would identify the "Stage-player" and impostor of the Rosicrucian *Confessio* with William Shakspere. We are glad to receive corrections of an error which has seemed (to those interested in the inquiry) to attach too great importance to the actor in question.

"According to your ideas, Francis Bacon became, when quite a youth, the foundation stone of the Rosiecross Fraternity. Now there is in the *Confession of the Fraternity of the Rosicrucians*" this passage :— "Our age doth produce many such (*worthless books of the pseudo-chymists*) one of the greatest being a stage-player, a man with sufficient ingenuity for imposition." This, both you and Mr. Wigston conclude, can refer to no one but W. Shakspere.

But when we consider this passage together with its context, we perceive that it is impossible that Shakspere can be the person in question. The Latin text runs thus :—"In fine vero confessionis nostrae illud serio inculcamus *abjciendos esse*, si non omnes, plerosque tamen Pseudo-chymicorum nequam *Libellos*, quibus vell SS. Triade ad futilia abuti lusus: vel *monstrosis figuris* atque ænigmatibus homines decipere jocus: vel credulorum curiositas lucrum est; quales ætas nostra plurimos produxit : unum *ex iis* præcipuum Amphitheatralem histrionem, hominem ad imponendum satis ingeniosum, &c.'

Here is a warning against certain *Books* (libellos) *of false Alchymists* to whom it was a jest to apply the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity to vain things, or to deceive men with strange figures, and darkly hidden enigmas, in order to deceive men.—Does this fit W. Shk. ?—Was he the writer of any Alchymical works ? Only an Alchymical author can here be intended, who in scorn and contempt is here *figuratively* called a "stage-player." One particular magical-alchemical book has called forth the wrath of the author of the "*Confessio*," a book probably bearing the title of "The Amphitheatre;" and of which the Author could be figuratively termed "The Stage-player of the Amphitheatre."

My opinion is that a blow was here aimed against Heinrich Khunrath, the most famous of the Cabalists and Alchymists. An extraordinarily stirring book by him, appeared in the year 1609, with the following title :—"*Amphitheatrum* sapientiæ æternæ solius veræ Christiano Kabalisticum, divino-magicum nec non physico-chymicum, tertriunum catholicon."

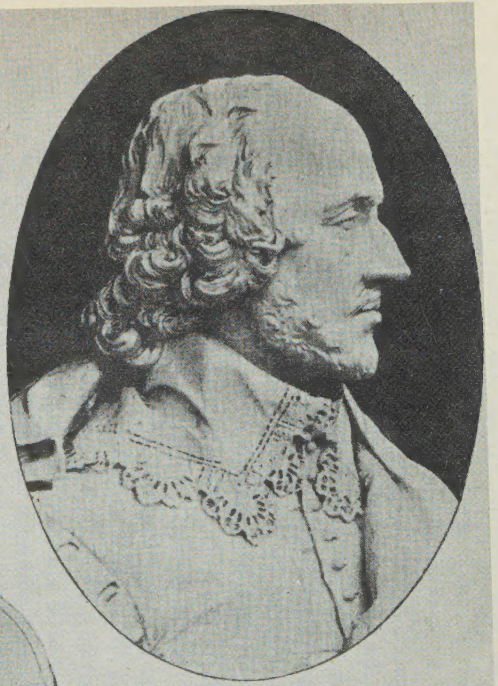
This remarkable book (which is to be seen in the British Museum), is famous on account of its wonderfully thought out, and splendidly executed tables of Magical Figures (pentacles) in small folio size, and I think, nine or ten of them. It is possible that this book may have roused the indignation of John Dee to such a degree that he contemptuously called the Author "a stage-player with sufficient ingenuity for imposition." Heinrich Khunrath was a personal acquaintance of John Dee; and Dr. Dee's diary records that H. K. visited Dr. Dee on June 6th, 1589, at Bremen."

Notes communicated by G. L. R.

(It will be seen by the concluding sentences that the learned writer believes that Dr. Dee penned the "*Confessio Fraternitatis*.")

1. DEVONSHIRE BUST.

3. MEDAL, 1823.



2. DEVONSHIRE BUST.